

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

I understand if we credit that \$2.50 will be ex-
pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Noth-
ing Else."

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, May 3d, 1886.

DEAR INTERIOR.—Before quitting the beautiful "Mariposa," now speeding her way across the Pacific to San Francisco, I want to say a few words about some of our fellow passengers, who were persons too prominent and interesting, in one way or another to be ignored in this veracious narrative of people and things we meet in our ramblings.

One of the most charming men I have met for a long time was Gen. Freemantle, on his way to London, now, via "the States." He is one of the stately figures of "our army in Egypt," and a gallant gentleman in every way; not excluding that frank courtesy to all that so become a soldier, even more than a civilian. I think I have at times observed the opposite in some of the military gentlemen I have met, and I can only wish that I could show them how ill it fits the royal scarlet they are so proud to wear. "A soldier and a gentleman" ought never to be dissociated, as, alas, I have sometimes seen them. Well, our Gen. F. is both, and it is a rare pleasure to converse with him. He was pleased with the girls' singing and the preaching on Sunday, and was kind enough to tell us so. I found that he had been in America during our civil war, visiting both camps in turn as spectator, as well as a soldier, learning his terrible profession more accurately. He saw Gettysburg fought and came near being hung as a spy twice; once by the Confederates at Jackson, Miss., and then by "bushwhackers" on the Federal side as he was passing from South to North. Lee was his beau ideal of a "gentleman and a soldier," and ex President Jefferson Davis he pronounced the most delightfully interesting man, socially, whom he had ever met, with perhaps the exception of Sir George Grey, the gentleman who lives on Kauai Island, less than 20 miles from where I am writing, and of whom I shall have occasion to make mention hereafter.

Of course I was not in evidence to this flattering notice of men for whom I had the same admiration, and it was not difficult to warm towards one who spoke so kindly of our Southern heroes, though he was not aware which way our sympathies lay. For I can not help the old feelings having their way, even though I am no longer "a rebel," as I once was, and am heartily glad "my people" failed in what they undertook. But "blood is thicker than water" after all, and I do like to hear people speak kind and loving words of those I can never cease to admire—venerated though they be—and when the gallant soldier said, "I am glad your nation is not broken in two, but I tell you frankly I could have wept when your South was beaten in the contest; they fought so well and against such odds." Well, it so exactly expressed my own feelings, that my eyes began to fill as he spoke the generous words. I hope if my readers ever come across Gen. Freemantle, they will take a second look at him, for they do not see such men every day.

Sir Anthony Musgrave, his lady and 4 fine boys were also on the Mariposa, going to England. He is governor of the Queensland colony, the fifth and youngest of the Australian States, and he also is a most courteous gentleman. Again, the singing captured him, as it had before secured the interest of Sir William Gregory, on the Rohillas on the way to Columbo, as detailed in a former letter. Lady Musgrave paid the kindest attention to the girls while we were on board, which of course was very flattering to us all. For again, although I have all the republican theory that "one man is as good as another, if not a little better," I find that in practice I recognize that reverence to "my betters" which I am not sorry to think is part of my old Israelitish make up, that dates back to the constitution of the Camp, when the people were distinctly set apart from the "princes of the people." I believe the same arrangement obtains still and will follow us into heaven, where, so far from all being on a dead, democratic level, "as one star differs from another star in glory," will be the differing ranks and orders of the celestial government. To all of which, as I shall not object to it there, I will not grumble at it here.

We were so fortunate as to see three out of the five governors of the Australian States as we passed.

Lady Musgrave is the daughter, or niece, I forget which, of Mr. Cyrus Field, of our U. S., which was an additional tie, of course. We shall long remember the marked courtesy of this aristocratic pair.

The Hon. James Service—Premier of the Victorian government—was another distinguished passenger on the Mariposa, but I need not speak of him particularly, as he is not specially linked to America, as the other two.

Captain Hayward, of the M., is a most attentive and kind-hearted officer, and sympathetic to an unusual degree with his sea-sick family. He made cheery rounds to the dismal cabin, where "lay a great multitude of sick folk" during our recent voyage, and did what he could to assure them that they would inevitably get over it, just the point on which the retching wretch is disposed to lose heart, when the enemy grapples the alimentary depths with a clutch if he would never let go. Blessings on a sympathetic captain at such a time of need! His profile is strikingly like that of Louis Napoleon. With which mention I will wish our captain bon voyage! We gazed wistfully at the Mariposas as she steamed around the headland that hid her row of electric lights from our rather longing eyes; for I think we are all getting "just a thought" home sick of late. Which my readers can perhaps understand if they have been away from home long themselves.

Well, she has been gone nearly a week now, and three more must pass before our steamer goes, even if we go in the Mariposa's successor. So let us get ashore and address ourselves to New Zealand for a while.

Here am I, in the far-off land of the Maoris (pronounced Mow-ries) sitting in "Uncle Joe's" "snugger," a little room in the turret of his handsome villa, 3 miles out of Auckland, where, far above the racket of the lively children, and the bustle of housekeeping, he has his books and papers and can secure an hour's quiet when he wants it.

Rumours is the pretty Maoris name of this beautiful suburb, and Roselle that of "Uncle Joe's" villa. He has almost a little farm on this headland of Auckland harbor, when one begins to take in the orchards and paddocks of greenest grass that surround the exquisitely-kept lawn, garden and ornamental grounds of the mansion, that sits picturequely in the midst, overlooking a landscape and water view of rare loveliness. From the front window of the snugger I look out upon a handsome sheet of water—a small bay that lies between two prominent headlands, jutting far out into Auckland's beautiful harbor. Upon a central protruding point of this semi-circular bay, stands Roselle, with a spacious lawn sloping almost to the water, where the tide is in, but with a quarter of a mile of mud and seaweed instead, when it is ebb.

Living thus upon the very margin of unlimited salt water, Uncle Joe's stout boys might be expected to be amphibious, as they are, and accordingly the eldest is an expert in the management of a sail boat and in handling an oar, while the little fellows spend most of their spare time upon the beach, engaged in various aquatic pursuits more or less a mystery to landmen. The only daughter, too, a "bonnie lassie" of 18, can row like Grace Darling, and might sit for the portrait of that young damsel, with her boating costume on and her flowing locks of flax and spun gold tossing wildly in the wind. The mother of this flock of young athletes, growing up about her, is the good sister who entertains your "Brother Barnes" and wife and has the girls and two Will's out frequently from the city, and makes all comfortable and happy in her inimitable way of loving hospitality; and in short, is quite worthy to be the mistress of this most lovely home, and the wife of "Uncle Joe."

Who on earth is "Uncle Joe?" I will tell you. You know I told you in my last we were among "Cousin Judie's" kin folks. We never saw them till we landed, but we feel already as if they were our kin folks, too. She has a sister here and a brother in Wellington, at the southern extremity of this North Island. Uncle Joe's only brother is the husband of Cousin Judie's sister. That brings him into the family connexion, but there is really no kinship to correspond with the title so familiar with us all. How he got it I do not know. There is nothing ancient or venerable in his appearance. On the contrary, he is the younger of the two brothers Wilson; in the prime of life; proprietor of the only daily morning paper in Auckland—the New Zealand Herald, a copy of which I send by this mail; a prosperous business man, and better than all, a devoted Christian gentleman, who does good to all, as he has opportunity; and when others turned the cold shoulder on the "Troupe Evangelique," kindly took us under his wing; opened the doors of his chapel as well as his house, and determined that we should have a fair hearing at least. For he has a pretty chapel built on his own premises, where every Sunday morning the Church of England prayers are read by a regular clergyman, followed by a gospel sermon by one who knows it. At night the Wesleyans furnish a preacher for an evangelistic service. I suppose Uncle Joe foots the bills and makes no fuss about it. But it must be an unspeakable boon to the scattered inhabitants of this out of the way suburb, thus to have the pure gospel regularly preached, and a first-rate Sunday school for their children brought within easy reach. In this commodious chapel we are now holding nightly services, and if we may be encouraged by the full house we had last night, we shall certainly have a blessed meeting.

I found that Satan had outstripped the Mariposa, as before the Sutlej, and the ground was fully occupied by prejudice and false report. No one would "touch us with a ten foot pole." Happily we had an "Uncle Joe" here, which we did not in

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1886.

NO. 136.



JUDGE M. C. SAUFLEY.

DR. W. B. PENNY,
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J. P. EMBRY, President.
B. WALKER, Secretary.
127-td

BOURNE!

The above cut was prepared to head our report of the Lebanon convention, which we were confident would nominate Judge Saufley for Superior Judge, but Gen. Rodman and the gang willed otherwise and we have no other recourse than to present him as a private citizen, grander in defeat even than he was when flushed with the prospect of almost certain victory. His calm and positive acceptance of the result stamps him the high-toned and honorable democrat and gentleman and the people will see that he is rewarded for his course which he marks out thus: "I shall abide the result of the Lebanon convention as officially announced and support the nominee." Judge Saufley is comparatively a young man yet, being less than 44, and can afford to wait for the honors that are sure to come to him. His defeat binds him closer to his friends than his success could have possibly done, and there is a future of honorable usefulness and distinction in store for him.

The outrages heaped upon the Saufley delegates were without precedent no doubt, but we are very much disposed to censure them for bolting. There had really been no fair test of the relative strength of the candidates. Upon a vote between them Saufley might have been successful. He certainly had too good a showing for his friends to surrender at the mere approach of the enemy, before a shot was fired. Their action seemed more like that of an overgrown, sullen, badly spoiled school-boy, than that of wise, cool and clear-headed political leaders. They were simply out-generaled by the Barbour forces—that's all. Mr. Barbour's nomination means his election. He is a good man and admirably qualified for the honorable position. The democrats of the district ought to and will doubtless give him a rousing vote.—[Richmond Herald.]

Did you ever imagine, Mr. Editor, that in this unassuming community of Mt. Salem, we had genius of first-class order? And yet it is true. From early infancy Miss Florence Richards has shown remarkable aptitude for drawing. In her early school days she could be frequently observed deeply absorbed with slate and pencil. By looking over her shoulder the teacher would fail to find the puzzlesome arithmetical problem worked out, but in its place some caricature done up in comic style. This talent for picture making has developed till she can now show specimens that would compare favorably with masters in the art. On her late return from Bardstown Female College, the following were shown me, which I think is difficult to surpass. "Raphael's Cherub," "The Offering," and a "Scene in Hungary." Her younger sister, Leonora, can also show some fine pencil sketches.

The President's wife is at once beautiful, graceful, affable and accomplished; perfect in her ease in a position calling for the exhibition of the nice social qualities and with a disposition matching physical charms of the finest type, a revelation of youth, beauty, grace and health. Her physique, as revealed by the modified bridal gown, was statuesque rather than plump and round, as it has been incorrectly described. It was a surprise to everybody that she met every one with an extended hand as well as an easy courtesy, and it is a good test of her endurance that after shaking hands with some 2,000 persons she came out of the first ordeal as fresh and free from fatigue as the veteran of a hundred receptions. To-day those expressions of admiration have been outdone by thousands, who are sounding the praises of Mrs. Cleveland in a way that ought to make her ears tingle, and that does make the President feel good, and that does make the President feel good.

It is said that nearly \$6,000 was spent to secure Barbour's nomination, and that more than half that sum was wasted on Saufley. The worst feature of the charge is that in both cases the bulk of the expenditure was furnished by two railroad corporations, that have a way of placing their money "where it will do the most good," and are slow to make investments unless they have some assurance of a satisfactory return.—[Georgetown Times.] So far as any railroad taking a hand for Judge Saufley, we can state on positive information that it is not true.

Judge Joseph Barbour is the democratic nominee for Judge of the Superior Court.

Though there were some practices in the nominating convention which should be eliminated from our politics, yet these did not affect the result, which was according to the very right of the case and faithfully reflected the will of the democracy of the district. All democrats may support Mr. Barbour with conscience void of offense, and should do so with alacrity.—[Lebanon Standard.]

A FEW more convention proceedings like that which claims to have put Earle in nomination for Judge of the Superior Court, will put an end to democratic domination in State affairs. The violence and passion developed by the primary step and in the proceedings of this convention are surprising and shocking.

Louisville lady says that milliners are the sharpest dealers on earth, and suit their prices to their customers' pocketbooks. She knows, for, after trying vainly to buy a bonnet for less than the \$25 asked, she went home and described the bonnet to her servant, who went to the shop and bought it for \$12.

Prof. Willis, the physiognomist, says: Beware of the girl that has black eyes, shun the girl with blue and run from the girl with gray eyes." This practically restricts the choice of the foolish young man to the Caucasian girl with pink eyes, who is not warranted genuine outside of the fine museum.

An Irishman, owing to a dreadful misfortune, resolved to commit suicide. As he did not wish it to be known, lest it should leave stain on his family, he left a note on the following effect: "I hope you will not think that I committed suicide. My death is the result of an accident; the pistol went off as I was cleaning it."

An Arkansas farmer writes that last year, when coons made havoc in his corn field, he went to the drug store to buy strychnine with which to kill them. By mistake the druggist gave him morphine, and the next morning he found the field full of sleeping coons. He advises the use of morphine instead of strychnine.

A Bay City lady in a somnambulistic state the other night took a walk attired in nothing but a hat and a pair of stockings.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale at M. L. Bourne's.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by M. L. Bourne.

H. K. TAYLOR,
Of LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate or the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

THOMAS Z. MORROW,
Of Pulaski county, is the Republican candidate for Judge in the 6th Judicial District.

WILLIAM HERNDON,
Of Lancaster, is the Republican candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney for the 6th Judicial District. Election August 2d.

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Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

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I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder on Thursday, July 13th, 1886, my Farm of 96 Acres, situated near the Danville pike, in Lincoln county, 5 miles from Stanford and on the county road leading from Danville to the Lancaster pike. The farm is in good cultivation, fencing excellent, spacious barn and sheds. My house burned down recently but another is on the ground ready for building. Dr. Barrow is determined, however, to give his customers the benefit of this large salary in prices. Besides selling

Medicines, Fancy Articles, Toilet Goods, Music, Merchandise, Spectacles, Instruments, Jewelry, Dolls, Lamps, Fishing Tackle, Razors, Sponges, Knives, Paper, Blank Books, States, Ammunition, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Mixed Paints, Brushes, Varnishes.

Everything kept in a first-class Drug Store, all of which is new, fresh and superior, he has on hand a dozen Bachelors, and will furnish any good looking lady who deals with him with choice of the lot. Watch this column for list of names, or call at

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Full Line of Agricultural Imple-
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Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Im-
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Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,
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Louisville & Cincinnati to St. Louis
and all points in the West.

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Three (?) Daily Trains from Cincinnati
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The O. & M. is the only line running
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Sleeping Cars on night trains; Luxuriant Par-
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Direct and close connections are made at UNION
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Railway, for other lines by other railroads.

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between Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis<br

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., . . . June 25, 1886

W. P. WALTON.

THE decision of Judge Jackson in the U. S. Court at Cincinnati in the celebrated McArthur will case, shows that persons who purchase land can not be too particular about the title. General Duncan McArthur left by will a large amount of land for partition among his grandchildren when the youngest should become of age. The children caused the will to be set aside, and much of the land was sold to third parties. Six of the twenty-four grandchildren joined in the proceedings. The eighteen other grandchildren subsequently sued for their inheritance under the will, and it is in their favor that the case is now decided. The property involved amounts to between fifteen and seventeen thousand acres, lying principally in Ross and Pickaway counties and also in the counties of Union, Logan, Hardin, Champaign, Brown, Madison and Scioto. The decision falls hard on farmers who purchased of the children of General McArthur, and have long occupied and improved them and in peaceful possession for more than ten years.

For the benefit of our republican brethren who are talking of running a candidate for Superior Judge against Hon. Joe Barbour, the following figures are furnished: There are 37 counties in the district, and only 12 of them gave Blaine a majority in 1884. The total vote, not counting the scattering prohibition ballots, cast in that election was 88,082, divided as follows: Democratic, 47,964; republican, 40,118—showing a democratic majority of 7,746. If our friends feel like tackling that majority let them sail in.—[Louisville Times.]

If the Legislature had abolished the Superior Court, as we asked it, it would have saved us the disgrace of the Lebanon Convention and a world of bitter feelings and bad blood. It looks like it could have been abolished too, when we consider that it has just adjourned till September. The object of its establishment was to help the Court of Appeals to catch up with its cases, but it looks like the judges are of the opinion that it was to help that court enjoy itself at the public expense, it having also adjourned till next fall.

HON. JAMES B. MCCREARY is formally announced in this issue for re-election to Congress. The district has never been more ably represented than by him and the fact that he gives entire satisfaction is conceded on every hand. Ambitious, painstaking and ever ready to help his constituents, he is a model Congressman, as he was a model Governor. He will have no opposition in his own party and little if any from the republicans, who, should they put up a candidate at all, will do so simply for the name of the thing.

We are glad to observe that the bitterness engendered by participation in the Lebanon convention is gradually wearing off, and that the feeling is growing to follow the lead of Judge Saufley, who stated at the outset, like the true democrat that he is, that he would abide the result as officially announced and support the nominees. Taking everything into consideration we think this course is the only tenable one for sensible democrats to pursue.

COL. S. L. M. MAJOR, late public printer and for many years editor of the Frankfort *Yankee*, died in that city Monday, aged 56. Broken down in fortune, his health also succumbed and almost in the prime of a vigorous manhood, he is called from the scenes of life. A gentleman of culture and of the strictest honor and with a genial and companionable man, he made lasting friends of his large circle of acquaintances and his death will be the subject of general regret.

The Louisville *Commercial* thinks that as Polaski and Garrard, the only two counties that have formally endorsed Judge Durham for governor, give republican majorities in the elections, the Durham boom can not be said to be very much strengthened by their endorsement. Don't be uneasy, honey. The thing is just commencing and if you listen you are gwyne to hear something drap, and heavily at that.

THE Morrison tariff bill is snowed under so far as this session of Congress is concerned, the more's the pity for the democrats and the country. Mr. Morrison was to have called the bill up again Tuesday, but did not do so from the fact that he had no assurance that the result of last week would be changed.

DURING the three hours public reception given by the President and Mrs. Cleveland, the latter shook hands with 4,593 persons. Her first hour's record was 1,800 shakes, about the best time ever made. But the next day her arm was swollen twice its usual size and Grover had to keep it bound up in brown paper and vinegar.

SOME cheerful idiot writes to a republican paper at Cincinnati that his party will carry five districts for Congress in this State this fall; the 31, 5th, 9th, 10th and 11th, all on account of the Lebanon convention. This is making a mountain out of a mole hill with a vengeance.

GEN. EDMAN ought to enter the race for Attorney General just to see how highly his efforts as a partisan chairman animated by the motto that to the victors belong the spoils, are appreciated by the people at large.

AFTER three days' effort but three jurors have been obtained for the trials of the anarchists at Chicago. This would indicate that nearly everybody there is of the opinion that the scoundrels should be hung.

THREE candidates are already announced to succeed Judge Pryor on the appellate bench; the gentleman himself, Judge M. H. Owsley and C. A. Hardin, and it is more than two years before the election. These gentlemen evidently believe in taking time by the forelock:

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Swift & Co., sugar importers of New York, have failed for a million of dollars.

—The Odd Fellows of Winchester are going to give a grand picnic next Wednesday.

—At Denton, Texas, Mrs. Leona Lyles shot and killed W. B. Roberts, for slandering her.

—Another bond call to mature August 1 for \$4,000,000 has been issued by the U. S. Treasury.

—In a quarrel over a watch, Lee Griffin killed his older brother, Virgil, with an axe, near Henderson.

—A thousand photographers are holding a convention at St. Louis. The display of views and contrivances is a fine one.

—Five acres of houses in Boston burned Monday night, causing a loss of a half million dollars and the deaths of over a dozen persons.

—President Cleveland writes that he will probably be present at the opening of the Cincinnati Exposition, or some time during its continuance.

—The Kentucky and Indiana Bridge at Louisville has been completed and will be opened for traffic next Monday.

—Hon. Charles D. Jacob, minister to the United States of Columbia, has returned to Louisville and will run for mayor or for Congress.

—Mike Saufley should have been tucked away softly instead of Barbourously buried at the Lebanon convention.—[Winchester Sun.]

—Wm. J. Sanderson, a Cincinnati justice of the peace, has been sentenced to the work-house for two months and to pay a fine of \$100 for assaulting a woman.

—Fifteen counties of Virginia have voted on the license question. Twelve of them voted against granting the license. The remaining counties will vote in the fall.

—Mr. H. W. Fuller, the popular and capable general passenger agent of the C. & O. R. R. will shortly remove his office from Richmond to Louisville.

—Mahone has issued an order for the chiefs of all his clans to meet him at Petersburg, Va., to reorganize the demoralized cohorts of republicanism in that State.

—Congressman Stone has had a postoffice in Crittenden county named Frances, in honor of the President's wife. He had one named Cleveland in Callaway county some time since.

—Jeff Bowling, of Rowan county, Ky., notoriety, was to have been hung at Columbus, O., to day for the murder of his father-in-law, but has been respite by the governor for 60 days.

—Register Rosarians say the war of the revolution cost this country \$6,000,000; the war of 1812, \$15,000,000; the Mexican war, \$135,000,000, and the late unpleasantness \$6,189,920,905.

—The Blaine pensions bill, as passed in the Senate, provides for pensions for all Federal soldiers who were honorably discharged, after three months or more of service, at a rate of from \$4 to \$24 per month.

—A sensational story comes from Richmond, Va., to the effect that parties living in Virginia and South Carolina have instituted legal proceedings by which they hope to recover the property on which Frankfort is built.

—A mob of saloon-keepers attacked the jail at Clinton, Ia., intending to lynch two prohibitionists, under arrest for participating in a riot. Four men in the mob were wounded by the jail officers. The crowd ran when the firing began.

—Gen. Schofield has notified the Park commissioners that the United States troops guarding the tomb of Gen. Grant at Riverside Park will be removed June 30. The guard has been on ever since the remains were placed there.

—The record of the railroad construction as kept of the *Gazette* shows that 1,203 miles have been built in this country during the year, which is double the number of miles constructed during the whole of last year and 200 miles more than the year before.

—The President sent a batch of 15 veto messages to Congress, Tuesday, 13 of which contained his reasons for withholding his signature from private pension bills, and the other two set forth his objections to public buildings at Zanesville, O., and Sioux City, Ia.

—At Georgetown Ratcliffe & McMeekin's entire stable and contents, consisting of buggies, phaetons, carriages, hacks and 22 fine horses were consumed by fire, besides several dwellings and shops in the immediate vicinity. The loss is \$15,000; insurance \$10,000.

—Judge Saufley is a good democrat. Though outrageously treated in his race against Barbour for Superior Court Judge, and though strongly urged by the best men in the district to bolt and make the race as independent, he persistently refuses.—[Lexington Press.]

—Six of the Chicago anarchists have been placed on trial at Chicago, a motion to quash the indictment having been overruled. It is to be hoped that the law will deal with them swiftly, sharply, justly. To send them to the gallows for murder would be a lesson that would save hundreds of lives.

—The House Committee on Pensions will report a bill providing for a graded income tax for the payment of pensions. The measure puts the tax on incomes from \$3,000 to \$10,000 at 2½ per cent., \$10,000 to \$20,000 5 per cent. The bill puts \$12 for soldiers totally incapacitated and without means of support in amendment to the 24th section of the Senate bill.

—At Avoca, Ia., Wm. Farrel beat his wife, turned her out of doors, shot and killed the policeman who came to arrest him, and then blew out his own worthless brains. In Boston, Mass., on the same day, Lorenzo Lopez fatally stabbed Catherine Alvarez, the wife of his step son, at the breakfast table, and walking into the next room, cut his own throat and died.

—If Rev. Green Clay Smith runs against Gov. McCleary for Congress, we will witness a political contest characterized chiefly by the politeness of the participants.

—There will be the highest regard for the proprieties along the line. As McCleary is as much of a temperance man and about as good a christian as Smith, it is not difficult to plump the winner.—[Ia. Journal.]

—Governor Knott has returned from a visit to Eddyville to inspect the new penitentiary. He reports the work going on satisfactorily and that the building will be finished by Christmas. He proposes to have about 400 of the younger and less hardened criminals transferred to the new branch prison at the time mentioned. The Governor says the contractors are doing good work.

—George O. Daniels, 80 years of age, died at Clinton, this State, and was placed in a coffin. At midnight the watchers were frightened by a series of groans from the supposed corpse and all of them ran away, except one, who opened the coffin. When Daniels sat up, gasped and spoke. He is still living and says that he was conscious of everything that was transpiring about him while he was supposed to be dead.

—Herman Raedle was digging a well at McAlister, I. T. He arranged a charge for blasting, lighted the fuse and was hoisted toward the surface 40 feet above. When half way up the rope broke and he fell to the bottom. He tried to grab and extinguish the fuse, but was too late. The charge exploded. Herman was blown almost to the top of the well and fell back dead, with every bone in his body broken.

—DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Holbrook & Co., a Michigan firm, have bought the planing mill at Junction City.

—"Terra Cotta," Col. J. W. Guest's two-year-old, by Harry O'Fallon, has gone from St. Louis to Chicago, where she will run about July 20th.

—G. W. Welsh, Jr.'s, mare, Eye See, by Nutwood, \$12,000, by St. Elmo, grand-dam Midnight, dam of Jay Eye See, dropped a colt by Happy Medium last night.

—Carpenter, the auctioneer who sat at

such excitement here a few months ago, is again in town, and as a consequence the dry goods merchants are offering to sell as cheap as he dares to.

—Messrs. W. J. Bohon, F. W. Handman, Ollie Taurman, James McCarthy and T. L. Shipman returned Wednesday evening from a fishing excursion on Green river near Dunnville, Casey county.

—The Ladies Missionary Association met at the Walnut street Methodist church this morning. The proceedings were opened by prayer by a lady delegate. A number of ladies from other places are here.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hahn celebrated the 5th anniversary of their marriage Wednesday night. A large number of their friends were present, each one bringing a present of something constructed of wood as the celebration was also known as a "wooden wedding."

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—Prof. S. F. Stories, formerly of this county, but now a resident of Madison county, and one of the oldest school teachers on record, having been in the service for over 50 years, spent Monday night with us. Am very sorry his eyesight is fast failing him.

—Tom Hays was tried before Judge Lar Tuesday of a writ sworn out by Joe Ramsey, wife and son, charging him with ku-kluxing. He was held over to circuit court in a bond of \$300. He gave the bond and was released. Three others, Jeff and George Huff and W. H. Albright, were brought here on a writ for the same offense, but by another party, Cliff and wife. Their trials are set for to-day. Will give the result of the trials in next letter.

—Mrs. W. T. Brooks and Miss Carrie Bivens, of Paris, are visiting at J. L. Joplin's. Miss E. Brooks and Miss Georgia Brown have returned from a six weeks' visit to friends and relatives in Richmond, Paris and Lexington. That widower is all smiles now. Mrs. S. W. Parris is visiting her father, mother and other relatives at Kirkeville. Miss Ida Adams is visiting friends in Louisville. Ova Myers, of East Bernstadt, was in town this week.

—Did they try to commit suicide? C. W. Adams while eating a piece of spring chicken, (I suppose the first of the season) accidentally swallowed a bone, which lodged in his throat and it was thought for a while he would have to "pass in his checks," but Dr. Daniels soon relieved him by getting it out. Mr. A., I would advise you to get a wife to pick the bones out for you. S. W. Parris, a few nights ago, not feeling well, arose up in the dark and got what he thought was his bottle of medicine, but what proved to be a bottle of polishine, used for cleaning gold and silver ware. Mr. P. drank his usual dose and went back to bed, but he soon began to feel dizzy and queer, but a thought struck him he had taken the wrong medicine; he arose and lighted the lamp and found his mistake. He ran to the Dr. and told him what he had done. After getting very sick and suffering a great deal, Dr. Lovell gave him something which soon relieved him. Mr. P. says he thought very seriously about "passing in his checks" too. Polishine has a different effect on brass to what it has on gold and silver.

—RICHMOND.—Col. John A. Duncan, whose serious illness has heretofore been noted, died at his residence in this county last Friday morning, in the 74th year of his age. He was the largest tax-payer in the county and leaves an estate valued at from \$200,000 to \$300,000, which will be distributed among his near relatives. He leaves two sisters—Mrs. Gregory, of this county, and Mrs. Hart, of Fayette. The former will get the farm where she now lives and Mrs. Hart the home place—Duncannon. Senator John D. Harris, Judge John D. Goodloe, Mrs. R. J. White and children, and other nephews and nieces come in for large shares. He leaves \$1,000 to Madison Female Institute.—W. G. Hume, of Atchison, Kansas, and Mrs. Hume, of Irvine, were married at the Garnett House last week. This was the second marriage of this couple, the first occurring some eight years ago, and, proving not altogether a happy union, they soon separated, the groom going West and the bride returning home to her father. A divorce was obtained by the young wife in about a year, but it seems that neither forgot the other, as the sequel of last Wednesday shows. The bride was formerly Miss Lou Lilly.—A carp weighing 11½ pounds was caught out of Mr. T. S. Bronston's pond a few evenings ago.—[Herald.]

—The extensive preparations being made for a hop at Odd Fellows Hall this (Thursday) evening indicate it will be a well attended and enjoyable affair. An Italian orchestra from Louisville will furnish music for the occasion.

—Miss Kate Mason is quite ill. Miss Lizzie and Jennie Sweeney are visiting relatives in Somerset. Miss Kate Brown, of London, is visiting Miss Mattie Brown.

Sergeant Buckner Allen, of Lexington, is in the city. Surveyor J. T. Gathright and lady, of Louisville, are visiting Mrs. James A. Anderson. Mr. W. H. Harris, of this

city, has secured a position as telegraph operator at Huntington, W. Va. Mrs. Mag Dunn, of Henderson, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Mason. Miss Carrie Woods is visiting relatives at Paint Lick. Dr. J. M. Frazer, of Mayville, was the guest of relatives here this week. Mrs. B. M. Burnett leaves this morning to visit her parents at Germantown, Ky. Richard Newman and family, of Bardstown, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Farris.

—M. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—James Coffee, a prominent citizen of this county, died last Saturday night, the 19th of June.

—Hamp Brinkley, of Somerset, and Ad Catron, of this county, were here buying cattle during the week.

—Rev. Johns closed a meeting at Wilmot's Chapel last Saturday night with twelve additions to the church.

—Mrs. C. S. Nield will teach the public school at this place. The trustees were very fortunate to get such an efficient teacher as Mrs. Nield.

—Congressman Ben Lefevre announces that he intends to retire from Congress because "no Congressman can live on his salary and pay his expenses and be honest."

—Thomas Bradbury, a well-known farmer of Fort Wayne, Ind., was convicted of attempted rape on his eleven-year-old daughter, and was sentenced to eleven years in the penitentiary.

—Nineteen teachers applied for certificates at the examination. There was a great deal of complaint among the teachers about the examination being rigid. Only three failed to get certificates.

—Married, a few days ago, Jones Fish to Miss Ella Maret, daughter of Al Maret. You will know Jones is a business young man when I tell you that the third time he went to see Miss Ella he took the preacher along to tie the knot.

—J. W. Alcorn and T. Z. Morrow, candidates for circuit judge and R. C. Warren and Captain Wm. Herndon, candidates for Commonwealth's attorney, will address the citizens of this county at the court-house, Monday, June 28, at 2 o'clock P. M.

—Prof. S. F. Stories, formerly of this county, but now a resident of Madison county, and one of the oldest school teachers on record, having been in the service for over 50 years, spent Monday night with us. Am very sorry his eyesight is fast failing him.

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Semi-Annual Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., . . . June 25, 1886

E. G. WALTON. - Business Manager.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD

Mail train going North 1:55 P. M.
" " South 1:15 P. M.
" " Express train 1:15 A. M.
" " North 2:15 A. M.
The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes later.

LOCAL NOTICES.

LANDRETH's garden seed in bulk and packages at Penny & McAlister's.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on a short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

BUY the Haas Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

PERSONAL.

MR. AND MRS. H. J. MCROBERTS are visiting friends in Lancaster.

MRS. TYREE and Miss Alpha are visiting Mrs. John Fennell, at Kirkville.

MRS. BRAGG, of Missouri, is visiting her cousin, Mr. John M. McRoberts, Sr.

MR. J. D. SWANE, of Carlisle, has engaged as salesman for S. L. Powers & Co.

MISS DOLLIE WILLIAMS, of Hustonville, is visiting her aunt, the Misses Peavyton.

CAPT. W. H. SPRADLIN and wife, of Scottsville, are spending a few days in town.

REV. AND MRS. J. M. BRUCE left Tuesday for the State Baptist Association at Bowling Green.

JOHN A. MCROBERTS has accepted the position of purchaser of supplies for Crab Orchard Springs.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH IRWIN have returned from a delightful visit to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

MR. HUGH L. PORTER, who has been out at his father's, Mr. R. L. Porter, quite sick, is much improved.

MISS TILLIE HALL, who has been attending college here, left for her home at Monticello yesterday, to spend vacation.

MISS DOLLIE DEBORD, who has been a guest at Mr. J. N. Menefee's, returned to Brodhead yesterday, taking with her Miss Lizzie Menefee.

PROF. E. P. HAWES, who takes the place of Col. Wm. S. Hays at Crab Orchard this session, was here yesterday. He reports about 20 visitors already.

AT the State Medical Association in session at Winchester, Dr. Fayette Dunlap, of Danville, read a paper on "Uterine Fever" and to day Dr. J. G. Carpenter will read one on "Ulceration of the Sigmoid Flexure."

CAPT. W. J. WASH, of the K. C., has just returned from Boston, whither he went with the De Moly commandery, of Washington City, of which he is a member, to attend a complimentary entertainment tendered it by a Boston commandery of Knights Templar.

NEARLY all the males in the Craig family started on the road this week: Will Craig and John H. Craig represent A. B. Kirschbaum & Co., wholesale manufacturers of clothing, Philadelphia; J. Newton Craig and John Miller Craig, with the Philadelphia Cloak & Suit Co.; J. N. Craig, Jr., with Sierne & Co., youth's and boy's clothing; Will N. Craig, with Berlinger & Straus, gent's neckwear, Broadway, New York.

LOCAL MATTERS.

FRUIT Jars at T. B. Walton's.

SELF SEALING fruit jars, Waters & Raney.

HARVEST and Lard oil at Metcalf & Foster's.

PROCTOR KNOTT is the best, ask those who have tried it. Metcalf & Foster.

SADDLERY and Harness positively at prime cost. Metcalf & Foster.

GENTS' fine Manilla Hats from \$1.25 to \$2.00 worth from \$2.50 to \$3.00 at S. L. Powers & Co.

THE premiums of the Hustonville Fair, which will be held July 21, 22 and 23, aggregate over \$1,000. Write to Jas. B. Cook, Secretary, for catalogue.

THE L. & N. will sell half fare tickets for the round trip between all stations July 3, 4 and 5th, good returning until mid-night July 6th.

FOR SALE.—A. P. van de Water's stock and grain farm of 188 acres, with implements and machinery. Write for particulars to him. P. O. box 123, Stanford, Kentucky.

LOST, on the Hustonville pike, a black companion, containing gold bracelets and necklace, handkerchiefs, &c. Finder will please return to Mrs. Fount Owsley, Turmerville.

THE Rowland Sunday School picnic will be held to-morrow in W. H. Miller's woods, 4 miles from Stanford, on the Crab Orchard pike. A number of public speakers will attend.

THE Gold & Silver Band serenaded Capt. W. H. Spradlin and his handsome bride at the Portman House Wednesday night. The Captain's efforts in behalf of Lincoln county in the location of the Chesapeake & Nashville will always give him a warm place in the hearts of our people.

THE Board of Trustees of the Stanford Male and Female Seminary filled vacancies Tuesday by electing Mr. J. B. Paxton a trustee in the place of his father and Mr. Jno. N. Menefee in that of Mr. H. T. Harris. The principalship was again tendered Prof. Abner Rogers for another term.

SIX building lots for sale between Stanford and Rowland. H. J. Darst.

BIG lot of extras for the Walter A. Wood harvesting machines on hand. I. M. Bruce.

OILS for Mowers, Reapers and other harvesting machinery at McRoberts & Stagg's.

THE sensational elopements reported in the East End turn out to be a canard, and a very silly one at that.

THE Leo Hayden farm of 310 acres two miles from town sold at auction yesterday to Col. W. G. Welch at \$42.

It is rumored that Mr. J. F. Edington is seriously contemplating running as an independent candidate for jailor.

THE Picnic tendered to its employees by the L. & N. will be held at Parrot Spring, near Sheppardsville, on the 23rd.

AN elegant assortment French Organdie Laws, beautiful patterns just opened, at 12 cents per yard, worth \$35, at S. L. Powers & Co.'s Great Bargain Store.

REMEMBER the Kirkville Fair dates, July 23 and 24. The premiums will be more liberal than those last year and nothing will be left undone to make it one of the best fairs in Kentucky.

THE weather is much more like April than June. Rain and sunshine alternate, but let us pray that the latter will more often offset the former so that the wheat can be harvested without loss.

A ZULU savage entertained a mongrel crowd here Wednesday by going through sundry evolutions and eating raw beef, with the blood still upon it. He was imported by a circus company, but is now making a tour on his own hook.

PROF. H. K. TAYLOR, candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, will address the people at Liberty, June 28th; at Danville 30; Stanford July 1; Lancaster 2; Harrodsburg 3rd and Nicholasville 5th. Speaking each day at 1 o'clock.

THE Louisville Times is mistaken. The Lincoln county prohibitionists will not put out a ticket for county officers, but reserve all their strength for a grand effort to vote the whisky traffic out of the county on the 2d Saturday in September. They very sensibly think this more important than mixing up party affairs at the present.

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NEW FIRM.—Messrs. W. H. Miller and George S. Carpenter have formed a partnership for transacting a general real estate business, notice of which is given elsewhere in this issue. Business placed with them will receive prompt attention and they will leave nothing undone to fully advertise all the lands placed in their hands.

MARRIAGES.

It is said that Cleveland gave the preacher that married him \$500.

Judge Stanley Matthews, of the Supreme Court, and Mrs. Thresher were married at New York Wednesday.

Miss Nina Batchelor, the distinguished Louisville artist and elocutionist, is to marry a wealthy French gentleman at Paris next week.

Gray McLean, private secretary to Auditor Hewitt, and Miss Lettie Stanton, the beautiful daughter of the Poet, H. T. Stanton, were married in Frankfort yesterday.

RELIGIOUS.

Local option has carried 501 counties in the Southern States.

Talmage's church has just received 38 additions, which runs the membership to 3,400.

The programme is being arranged for the Christian State Convention at Mt. Sterling August 3.

Rev. John M. Bruce will lecture on Local Option at Cherry Grove next Sunday at 3:30 o'clock p. m.

Bishop Hendrix will hold Kentucky Conference September 8, and Louisville Conference September 23.

A private letter from Brother Barnes says that he may remain in San Francisco sometime and asks his correspondents to address him there till further notice.

When 100 miles at sea Mr. Beecher dispatched a number of homing pigeons with messages to friends in Brooklyn and they arrived safely and quickly with them.

CLAY KAUFMAN is visiting his mother, J. S. Van Winkle passed through on Tuesday night, having been called from Liberty court by unfavorable symptoms in the case of one of his boys, who has been sick for some time.

Rev. John Bell Gibson will preach at Rush Branch Christian church next Sunday morning. Rev. J. Q. Montgomery will occupy his pulpit here morning and evening.

The Methodists have 52 churches and nine missions in this city, with 12,588 communicants, a gain of 20 churches, five missions and 3,396 members during the past 20 years.—[N. Y. Times.]

Rev. W. Harvey and his assistants have raised this year \$3,875.13 for missions constructed 10 churches; organized 61 Sunday schools; converted 1,271 persons and put \$32,976 in church buildings.

BOWLING Green wants Brother Barnes to come down and convert his converts. As the former Presbyterian mountain evangelist is now an Anglo-Israelitish Episcopalian, all his Kentucky dough must be worked over again.—[Louisville Times] alleged funny man.

—In the Presbytery of Austin, Texas, during the past year two churches have been organized, three pastores established, four ministers received and one dismissed; three churches report revivals and about two hundred and sixty-five have been received into the churches—one hundred and fifty of them on examination.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP

—Ten yearling heifers and a lot of shoats for sale. H. J. Darst, Stanford.

—Two brood mares and a saddle horse for sale. H. J. Darst, Stanford.

—W. H. Bartleson sold to Gentry Bros., Lexington, a fine mule for \$150.

—W. P. Tate sold to A. T. Nunneley a yoke of oxen, 2,655 lbs., at 4 cents.

—Unprecedented wheat and fruit crops are reported throughout Southwest Virginia.

—Frank Caamp delivered 90 lambs, averaging 70 pounds, to Stanford Carpenter, at 4 cents.—[Bourbon News.]

—Ben S. McElroy sold to J. L. Grundy 5 yearling mules at \$55 per head; to Price Hudson; 1 jack for \$75.—[Lebanon Standard.]

—Bailey Withers sold to J. W. Mitchell, of Jessamine, a nice young race mare for \$300 and G. A. Lackey sold him a 2 year-old filly for \$250.

—J. W. Bales shipped Saturday at this place 500 lambs that averaged 65 pounds, bought throughout the county at 5 cents per pound.—[Winchester Sun.]

—D. N. Fowitt gathered up in this county Wednesday about 1,200 lambs, which he had previously engaged at 5 cts.

—In Cincinnati cattle are quiet at 2 to 5½ for common grade to best shipping; stockers and feeders 3½ to 4½; hogs are firm at 3½ to 4½; sheep are quiet at 2½ to 4½; lambs in fair demand at 4½ to 5½.

—Will Hall finds on cutting his crop of wheat, which he thought would average at least 20 bushels to the acre, that the bundles are not much heavier than straw and the yield will not be over 6 or 7 bushels.

—Farmers tell us that the rains so far have not materially injured the standing wheat. Some of it has been tangled, but the most of it can be harvested. In some cases the heads are not filled out well, but taking the crop as a whole it is much above the average.

—M. Lehman & Bro., of Baltimore, have bought over 400 head of fat cattle of Sam and J. E. Clay, 120 head of Bedford & Kennedy and several smaller lots. Prices from \$4.50 to \$5.37. Bedford & Kennedy's averaged upwards of 1,000 pounds.—[Paris Kentucky.]

—A Western man says he keeps the swine plague from attacking his hogs by the free use of copperas scattered about the feeding places, and allowing them to eat what they want. Copperas is a good disinfectant, and is an astringent and a tonic. It is the sulphate of iron, and iron is a common tonic.

—Wheat harvest is in full blast. The rattle of the self-binder may be heard everywhere. The prospects for a large yield were probably never better in Clark county; some farmers are claiming 40 bushels to the acre. Fair weather will be very much in demand for the next three weeks in order to save the immense crop.—[Winchester Democrat.]

—At Georgetown court there were 300 cattle on sale. One lot sold at \$3.95 per cwt., another lot of 14 at \$15 per head; one lot at \$4.25 per cwt. and 20 head at \$3.95. Yearling steers brought from \$28.75 to \$34.75. No mules offered. Good fancy geldings brought \$125 to \$175. Will A. Gaines sold to Wm. Coyle a car load of 2 year old heifers, averaging a little over 1,000, at \$4.35. J. R. Nutter sold 32 hogs, averaging 275 pounds, at 42 per pound. J. M. Bond bought and shipped 3 car-loads of lambs to Cincinnati. He sold 2 loads to Rus Wilson, to be weighed in Cincinnati, at \$6.75 per cwt.; the other brought \$6.60 per cwt.—[Times.]

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BIRD DESTROYERS.

WOMEN NOT THE SOLE EXTERMINATORS OF THE SONGSTERS.

"Egging" and Other Sports—The Unregenerate Man with the Gun and the Depraved Small Boy with the Slingshot and the Pea-Shooter.

The woman here lately had a great many sermons preached to them about the destruction of bird life, the homilies, all excellent, and true, and admirable, being almost exclusively addressed to them, as if they alone were to blame for the slaughter of the innocents. Now, while I agree with every word that has been said about the immense, unnecessary, and really fiendish slaughter of the birds for military purposes, I have discovered that even in this war of extermination the poor women are not alone to blame. Fast as has been the massacre of birds for decorative purposes within the last few years, it can not be said that to that cause alone owe the threatened destruction of bird life on this continent. The most wholesale process of extermination is the practice of gathering the eggs of the birds along the seacoast. "Egging" is a regular business in the spring in many places along the coast, being carried to the greatest extent perhaps, on the coast of Texas, whose inhabitants regularly devote several days each year to the sport. It is more wanton destruction, as the value of the eggs for food is scarcely appreciable, and as barrels of them are always crushed in trying to transport them after they are gathered. For this business the women are surely not to blame.

MANUFACTURING "PELICAN" OIL.

One other thing: Some enterprising men conceived the idea of making "pelican" oil, and established large trying-works near an island in Corpus Christi bay, known as Pelican island from the immense number of these birds raised there. They went to the island and carried off whole cargoes of the young birds in all stages of growth and boiled them up for oil. They exterminated the bird in that vicinity, and the oil proved utterly worthless. It is some satisfaction to know that such a scheme did not bring any benefits to those engaged in its cruel and cowardly carrying out. As women cannot be said to have established a market for pelican oil yet, they must be acquitted of complicity in this crime, as well as that of the "egging." These sea-birds are the natural scavengers of the shoal waters of our shores, as the buzzards are of the land, and great harm will come from their destruction.

One more practice for which women are not responsible is the killing of birds in mere wantonness, which is a very extensive practice, taking the country through. A Michigan farmer thus writes of his own observation: "The destruction of birds has been carried on here to such an extent that it is hardly possible to raise any kind of fruit; even the grapes as well as the apples being too wormy for use or sale. Boys and even men go out to shoot swallows, robins, and larks. It makes no difference if they are nesting; and many a nest of young birds has starved on account of their parents being shot. The small boy with his slingshot destroys many—and all for the desire to murder. Not a single person saves the skins for gain; the birds are thrown away or left where they fall."

The killing of birds for food cannot be justly laid to the women of the land, and this is one very large item in the destruction of bird-life. Women undoubtedly partake of these delicacies as well as men, but the women do not shoot them nor demand them as edibles. In all southern markets strings of small birds are exposed for sale—brought in mostly by the colored people, who receive a few cents for them.

WHAT A NATURALIST REPORTS.

A naturalist reports that in Norfolk, Va., last spring hundreds of woodpeckers and song-birds were exposed for sale—robins, meadow-larks, blackbirds, sparrows, thrushes, and even warblers, vireos, and wax-wings. These, in addition to the game-birds—pigeons, grouse, ducks, geese, plover, snipe, etc.—whose destruction has been so impudent that extinction is only a matter of a little time, make a fearful showing against the men of the country; and in regard to this the women are practically innocent. They may occasionally eat a redbird or bobolink on toast at some fashionable restaurant or private table, but they are not the ones who go down on Long Island in the "season" where a bagman supplies his table for weeks at a time with the eggs of the rails that breed numerously in his vicinity" to cater to the tastes of the sportsmen who make that their headquarters and like the wild flavor of those delicacies.

Neither are the women or the little girls responsible for the small boy who, the country over, kills a bird on sight, if by any possibility he can hit it with some stone or pea-shooter. Not until women destroy bird or animal life for mere sport can they be held to be guilty as are the men of the present threatened destruction of bird life on this continent. That they have been thoughtlessly guilty of a large share of the unusual destruction of birds the last three or four years I shall not pretend to deny. I only protest against hearing all the sermons and songs aimed at them for what is a mere temporary caprice, when the steady and uniform destruction of the birds and their eggs from year to year is clearly traceable to man and to him alone.—Hattie Tyng G. iswold in Chicago Tribune.

Must Help Build the World.

Even the emperor of China must learn a trade, and learn it well. He must also learn a year piow, and sow and reap. The kings of France were by laws compelled to learn trades, and at work to them. One became famous as a skilled blacksmith. True, you see plenty of new rich men and the sons of new rich men loading around, but they do not last long. They land in the gutter or the state's prison, every one of them. And so does every man, as a rule, rich or poor, who will not work, and lend his hand at world-building, like a patient and level-headed man—Joaquin Miller.

Castor Oil to Remove Warts.

A correspondent announces through our columns the virtues of castor oil in the removal of warts. "Constantly applied for from two to four or six weeks each day," that is, once a day—it has not failed in my hands," says the writer, "in any case of any size or long standing. The time it takes may try the patience of the user, but if faithfully used they will get their reward in the removal of the wart without leaving any scar. I have used it with some success in other growths, and had benefit enough to merit further trial."—Therapeutic Gazette.

"Trout" and Other Georgia Fish.

The so-called "trout" of south Georgia and Florida is not a trout but a black bass. Our perch are not perch but sunfish. A jack is a pickerel. Catfish are not all catfish, some of them are bull trout. Our redfinned pike is only found in southern waters and near the gulf. Our war moutched perch is a rock bass—Quintine (Ga.) Free Press.

Loan for Six Hundred Millions. The Panama Canal company has been authorized to issue a loan for \$600,000,000 francs provided they can prove that this sum will be sufficient to complete the canal.

SUSPENSE.

Heart sickness, that of old the wise man knew, Despites his wisdom, creeps like a pall Over the opulent Springtime, quenching all The sunshine, and the verdure and the blue Into one gray monotony of hue. I hear from budding boughs the thrushes call, From beaded spray the tinted blossoms fall Upon the long lush grasses wet with dew. And all this harmony of light and song— These swift cloud-shadows, parping hill and wold, Those emerald spaces betwixt leaves of gold— Strikes on my dull brain with a sense of wrong. Spring to a sad heart, suddenly grown cold, Seems a vain story, tedious told and long! —Cornhill Magazine.

A TALE OF A CYCLONE

Told by a Gentleman from Minnesota—A Few Additional Remarks.

We were riding along on the bounding train yesterday, and some one spoke of the free and democratic way that people in this country get acquainted with each other while traveling. Then we got to talking about railway sociability and railway etiquette, and from that we got to talking about natural phenomena and storms. I spoke of the cyclone with some feeling and a little bitterness, perhaps, briefly telling my own experience, and making the storm as loud and wet and violent as possible.

Then a gentleman from western Minnesota, a man who went there in an early day and homesteaded it when his nearest neighbor was fifty miles away, spoke of a cyclone that visited his county before the telegraph or railroad had penetrated that part of the state. He said it was very clear up to the moment that he noticed a cloud in the northwest no larger than a man's hand. It scattered down in a southwesterly direction like a cyclone that had all summer to do its chores. Then it gave two quick snorts and a roar, wiped out of existence all the farm buildings he had, sucked the well dry, soured all the milk in the milk house, and spread desolation all over that quarter-section. But the narrator said that the most remarkable thing he remembered was this: He had dug up a pint of angle worms that morning, intending to go over to the lake toward evening and catch a few perch. But when the cyclone came it picked up those angle worms and drove them head first through his new grindstone without injuring the worms or impairing the grindstone. He would have had the grindstone photographed, he said, if the angle worms could have been kept still long enough. He said that they were driven just far enough through to hang on the other side like a lambrquin.

It is such circumstances of these, coming to us from the mouths of eye-witnesses, that lead us to exclaim: How prolific is nature and how wonderful are all her works—including poor, weak man! Man, who comes into the world clothed in a little brief authority, perhaps, and nothing else to speak of. He rises up in the morning, prevaricates, and dies. Where are our best liars to-day? Look for them where you will and you will find that they are passing away. Go into the cemetery and there you will find them mingling with the dust, but striving still to perpetuate their business by marking their tombs with a gentle prevarication, chiseled in enduring stone.—Exchange.

The Mystery of "Gray Mule Day."

On one occasion some Boston friends sent Daniel Webster as a present an enormous-sized plow to use on his place. Webster gave out word that on a certain day it would be christened. The day arrived, and the surrounding farmers for miles came to witness the event. A dozen teams with aristocratic occupants came from Boston. It was expected by every one that Webster would make a great speech on the occasion, reviewing the history of farming back to the time of the Cincinnatus. The plow was brought out, and ten yokes of splendid oxen were hitched in front. More than 300 people stood around on the tiptoe of expectation. Soon Webster made his appearance. He had been calling spirits from the vasty deep and his gait was somewhat uncertain. Seizing the plow handles and spreading his feet he yelled out to the driver in his deep bass voice: "Are you all ready Mr. Wright?" "All ready, Mr. Webster," was the reply—meaning of course for his speech. Webster straightened himself up by a mighty effort, and shouted: "Then let her rip!" The whole crowd roared with laughter, while Webster with his big plow proceeded to rip up the soil.—Exchange.

French Fondness for the Ghouly.

Paris is truly a city where eccentricity reigns. The citizen of Lisbonne, who was sent to the galleys for some crime committed during the communes, on his release opened a cabaret that he called La Baye, at which excellent prison fare was served by waiters dressed as convicts in feters, and, where, if more expensive dishes were required, the chief cook, in the garb of the executioner, would inform his patrons with a grim smile, that he would be ready for them in ten minutes. The Parisians took so kindly to the gruesome joke that Lisbonne is about to open a second establishment, where the tables shall be coffin, decked with skulls as salt-cellars, and where the customers will be waited upon by young girls up as corseps and habited in shrouds, who will serve out baked meats of a funeral description.

This recalls to the mind of a Paris raconteur a curious episode that occurred at a masked ball of the opera in the time of Louis Philippe. Lord Henry Seymour, one of the founders of the French Jockey club, and noted for his eccentric wagers, made a bet with a royal boor companion that he would appear at the fete in a costume that had never yet been seen at an opera ball. The bet was recorded in the book yet kept at the Jockey club for such eccentric proposals, the chief cook, in the garb of the executioner, would inform his patrons with a grim smile, that he would be ready for them in ten minutes. The Parisians took so kindly to the gruesome joke that Lisbonne is about to open a second establishment, where the tables shall be coffin, decked with skulls as salt-cellars, and where the customers will be waited upon by young girls up as corseps and habited in shrouds, who will serve out baked meats of a funeral description.

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A friend of ours happened in one of the dry counties, in another state, and where there were no railroads or express facilities, not long ago, and thought he felt the need of an accustomed appetizer before his noon-day meal. An appeal to an individual whose countenance indicated knowledge of the whereabouts of the material sought called out this astonishing information and suggestion:

"There's nothing sold here; but in ten minutes you'll see a nigger go by on a gray mule. Halt him and give him a half dollar. To-morrow is roan mule day."

Our friend halted the "nigger" and gave him the money, no words passing at all. In an hour the gray mule was seen again, and the former owner of the coin was hunted up and given one of twenty or thirty bottles carried in a sack by the negro. Of course, the liquor was vile, for it was liable to seizure at any time, and the profits had to be large to cover the risk.—Petersburg Index-Advertiser.

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